

CORRESPONDENCE.

Carleton, Nebraska.

I enclose you a program of our Union Thanksgiving exercises which it may be well to publish. We had a very interesting exercise, and everybody present was very well pleased with the effort. It was customary heretofore to have preaching at one of the churches, and though the ministers exchanged pulpits and it was called "Union," yet there were never more than two or three dozen present, and it was my belief that there was virtually no good accomplished. The few faithful ones felt so bad at the thought of so few willing to return thanks for the many blessings, and the preacher was so chilled with the manifested interest that it was impossible to accomplish the desired object. This year it was early announced that the Sunday Schools would unitedly engage in the exercises. The program was carefully arranged with these objects in view, to make the exercises, as far as possible, general and very brief. We had two rehearsals, meeting at the different churches, and were particular to get good practice in the singing. On the week previous to Thanksgiving day, an agreement was signed by all our business men to close the doors of their respective places of business at least from 10 a. m., to 2 p. m. Some would have preferred to close all day,—some only for one hour, so the above time was taken with very satisfactory results. This action was announced in the last issue of the village paper previous to the day.

The result of all this labor was that we had a crowded house. The children and their parents seemed to be all present. The choir did their part very well and the congregation entered into the singing and concert exercises with a zeal seldom witnessed. All this was climaxed with a most fitting and eloquent Thanksgiving sermon by the minister of the M. E. church. These union exercises of sister Christian churches are, I believe, always enjoyed by all true workers, and much good will surely be accomplished.

The following is the program :

1. Hymn—"Swell the anthem," No. 25 Brethren Hymnody; 2. Prayer—Rev. H. A. Ewell; 3. Anthem—By the choir, "Let every heart rejoice and sing."; 4. Recitation—Roy Waterman; 5. Hymn—"Praise to the God of the harvest": Brethren Hymnody; 6. First two verses of the 92nd Psalm—By everybody; 7. Thanksgiving hymn—No. 180 in Brethren Hymnody; 8. Recitation—Madge Raymond; 9. Anthem—By the choir; 10. Scripture quotations by scholars; 11. Hymns No. 193 and 194 in the Epworth Hymnal; 12. Sermon—Rev. H. A. Ewell; 13. Hymn—"America" in the Brethren Hymnody; 14. Doxology; 15. Benediction.

And now as to the turkey. Well, we all returned to our homes and the many pleasant remarks passed about our union services that day and the day following, told me that the turkey was eaten with deeper feelings of thankfulness than usual. It will be a year before the Nation will have another day of Thanksgiving; but even should the leaders of the exercises at Carleton in 1887 all be gone, I think I am safe in predicting that the same effort will be made when Thanksgiving day of 1888 rolls around. Would it not be well if we would, through our papers, give each other our ways of working?

H. M. LICHTY.

Trans Missouri Flashes.

We are now engaged (Nov. 29th,) in a revival effort with the brethren in Rice Co., Kan., about four miles northeast of Nickerson, Reno Co.

We have according to promise about twelve weeks constant preaching before us yet.

We feel as though we needed the prayers of our brethren and sisters everywhere and a few dollars to sustain us in preaching among the poorer classes in this new country would not come amiss.

Our brethren through this country are mostly poor and much scattered.

So far our meetings here are progressing finely.

We are writing at the hospitable home of our Bro. and co-laborer A. P. Gibson.

Last Saturday we had an old time snow blizzard

here, which is of rare occurrence here so early in the season.

We almost feel like making a move to have S. S. M. & Co., respected among us as Brethren missionaries. They are surely doing good work for us. See account of Irish Grove council.

Please brethren have a little patience and don't all insist on having your series of meetings at the same time.

O, that men would more fully appreciate the goodness of God.

I wonder who will be first to pay for a few hundred Brethren tracts, to be scattered among the people by our missionaries? Now don't all speak at once brethren.

After little we expect to represent our cause in Kingman Co., Kan. Also at Conway Springs, Sumner Co., the home of Eld. John Wise. Wonder if Bro. Wise will assist us any.

There should be several "Irish Grove councils" held in Kans.

The "Female hat" business is booming in Kan., and by all appearances must be pretty near beyond control.

We ought to love every body. Even our enemies.

I believe in a religion chuck full of common sense and good nature. I think the author of "Somethings in general somethings in particular," appreciates that.

Men can only obey God's commandments Scripturally when prompted to do so by love.

Are the \$7,000 for that "Publishing house" raised yet? If so, we would like a few dollars for missionary work.

Anything but a stingy Christian and to have money to spend for bodily luxuries or speculative purposes and none for Christ's cause is downright stinginess—the meanest kind.

The devil doesn't want any drinking, thieving, lying, swearing, etc., etc., agents in this country. They would not carry much influence. He wants nice, polished, moral, etc., etc., fellows to do his dirty work for him. "Away with him, away with him," is still the cry.

O that Christ, with everybody could be "all and in all."

W. J. H. BAUMAN.

Nickerson, Kan.

Sisters' Society For Christian Endeavor.

"And I entreat thee also, true yokefellow, help those women which labored with me in the Gospel, with Clement also, and with others my fellow-laborers, whose names are in the book of life."—Phil. 4:3.

The pastor of each congregation of the Brethren church will please send me the names and addresses of one or more sisters of his membership, who would be interested in our Sisters' Society for Christian Endeavor, good workers, who, he believes, will take hold of this work in earnest for the organization of a Branch Society in his church.

I would write you a postal, if I knew where you live, but I do not. I should be better pleased, were the sisters to write me of their own accord, but they will not. So you send me a postal first, containing these names, and that will give me an opportunity of writing to them. I am anxious to get acquainted with the sisters of your church, and you, too; for we need your assistance. We shall be good friends, I assure you. I will do my duty as far as I am able, and have sympathy enough to be satisfied with those who do the same. We can find out how well we are suited for friendship when we begin work together. Suppose we try it anyway, and see if God will help us. I believe he would do it all, if he dared trust us idle. His love is so great. But he is afraid that, while he did the work, we would loiter along the shady road, throwing small stones at the pretty birds, and thereby fail to reach heaven in time for the marriage supper of the Lamb. God is well acquainted with us. We do not as we would. He knew Adam and Eve. 'Twas long ago they were permitted to wander through leafy bowers; to drink from gurgling springs; to watch the sunshine and the shadow flit across their flower-strewn way; to sit beneath the drooping branches, sweetly folding their homestead in; without a thought of the tomorrow. In each dawn of God's creation; ere anything had lived so long that it was old, or toiled that it must

rest from weariness; ere tired eyelids closed to shut out the dreariness of age, and feeble hands would clasp in prayer, while quivering lips utter words driven out of broken hearts; those two young creatures, made with a heavenly radiance, came unto the limpid streams, admiring the images reflected there, happy within themselves. God knows how that beauty and repose gently soothed them into slumber, from which they awoke with much less tenderness. While they softly slept, sin had entered cautiously and stood in their astonishment, defiantly a victor. God has known us a long time too. When we were children, he found out how prone we are to hide away from duty; as we slipped into the meadows to gaze far off at the bright, blue sky, leaving every care to hands so often needing help, dreaming childhood's dreams; and when older grown we knelt beside our easy couches, praying for our daily bread, while many of the humble sick were hungry near our bounteous homes; then with whitened hair we neared the church-yard gate, borne slowly onward to the open grave, having lived in vain, without a record worthy of a monument. God can not trust us alone. He will work when we work, work with us, but not for us. He will never do that which we ourselves must do.

I entreat thee, pastor. I want the name and address of one sister, at least, in each congregation of the sisterhood. I will write her a letter. We desire the expression of all our sisters, and wish them interested in this good word. Their prayers and sympathy are good and acceptable. If every one should write me a letter, it would not be too many to answer. I will enjoy them all.

M. M. STERLING.

Masontown, Pa.

Gone With the Angels.

The death angel hovered for several days last week over the home of brother S. B., and sister Amanda Shoop, and on Saturday afternoon entered their dwelling and bore from their loving care their wee little darling, Lela May. After a short stay of only three months, the little bud was transplanted to bloom in the paradise of God. Only a little more than a year ago the angel had borne from that home a bright-eyed infant boy.

Twice have the bright hopes of the fond father and mother been blasted; twice has the cup of joy placed to their lips been dashed to the ground; twice have little buds been given to them only to remain long enough to be closely entwined around the parent's hearts, and then carried to the brighter world beyond, leaving an empty cradle, sad hearts and a memory.

And is that all? Ah no! father, mother, be comforted, for the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy. He has taken your little ones but He has left you the glad knowledge that they are forever free from pain, that they shall never more taste of death, that they shall forever dwell in "the summer land of song" with One who is infinitely kind and loving.

Beyond the pearly gates they wait for you; wait with tiny out-stretched arms to welcome you over the tide. Your hearts have been torn, bruised, and bleeding, but, look up, and see beyond this land of shadows a home which knows no night of sorrow, a home where parents and children shall meet again, in the presence of the all-loving Father a home where you, with ineffable joy may clasp again your little ones, and the glad meeting be hallowed by the thought that they are henceforth yours forever more.

LAURA E. N. GROSSNICKLE.

Mapleville, Md., Dec. 1st, 1887.

Mission Notes.

The evangelicals of Hungary, both Lutheran and Reformed, have united in the project of revising their translation of the Bible. The British Bible society has consented to bear the expenses of the revision.

Joel Bulu, that saintly Fijian who was one of the first converts to the Fiji mission, having been appointed to preach the glad tidings to the people at Solevu, was met by an old heathen priest, who greeted him with these words: "Good is your coming. I thank God that he has sent you to teach us dark-minded men the way of life."